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HILLSBOROUGH, SIERRA COUNTY, N. M., FRIDAY, SEPT. 21, 1894.

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**GOOD MEAT AND SAUS-
AGE,**

VEGETABLES AND POULTRY.
FISH AND GAME IN SEASON.

ABOUT SILVER.

From the Prescott (Arizona) Courier.

There is a great deal of senseless gush on the silver question. As a matter of course, silver and gold are of far less actual value to mankind than iron, and the world would have been but little the worse for it if there was no silver and gold. Had there never been a double standard, no one would be the worse off, because all business would have adjusted itself to the standard at the beginning. The great injustice in the demonetization of silver is to the debtor class, who incurred liabilities when there was a double standard and dollars were plenty. Now they have to pay the same number of dollars, but the old dollars are twice as hard to get and are worth twice as much. In paying back the same number of dollars they practically pay two dollars for one. So it will be seen that the demonetization of silver and the contraction of the circulating medium has been wholly in the interest of the money lenders and the most stupendous robbery of the great creditor class that the mind can conceive of. Of course, along with this robbery and incidental thereto came the destruction of the silver mining industry and the stagnation in business which always follows the upsetting of any long established financial laws, but the direct blow was at the debtor class—they were the people who were made to stand and deliver.

Late advices from Australia tell of the discovery of a nugget at Coolgardie, which weighs 1,800 ounces and is worth \$30,000. It is said to have been taken from a reef, the whole face of which glitters with gold. The wonderful find has created intense excitement and attracted a tumultuous rush to the diggings.

With wine at 10 cents a gallon, delivered in San Francisco, wheat at 50 cents a bushel, and wool at 4 cents a pound, our agricultural brethren of the state must think the gold miner has the best of the situation, the commodity being in constant demand.—San Francisco M. & S. Press.

TRAMPED FROM CHICAGO.

Rena Carroll and Hazel Howard, two pretty Chicago girls, arrived in the city last night after having "bummed" their way through to Denver, passing through Wisconsin and other states, says the Times-Sun.

The girls live at Oakland, Cal., but visited an aunt in Chicago last summer. About three months ago this aunt left for the west, but before departing placed the girls in charge of a Mrs. Richmond. According to the story of the girls, when they returned to their room one evening about six weeks ago Mrs. Richmond was gone, as was also their trunks and all their possessions. The girls remained about the city a few days, living on the charity of their friends, and then concluded to tramp to their home in Oakland, Cal.

They claim to have walked over 400 miles, and to have beaten their way a large portion of the distance on freight trains. At night they would stop wherever they could secure lodging.

When they arrived in Denver they went to the Women's exchange, where they were given a night's lodging and breakfast, after which they were turned over to Police Matron Dwyer. They are remarkably pretty girls, and are neatly and cleanly dressed. They are about 17 years of age, and they insist that they will walk the entire distance to California.

A WILD RIDE.

"It's now scarcely 12 months ago," said Jack Coleman, as a party of us drew around our camp fire, "that I was piloting a small party of Uncle Sam's men up to one of the new forts on the upper Brazos—I believe they called it Fort Belknap or some such name. The sojers was a precious set of greenhorns—new recruits, I should think.

"Well, these fellows were under the command of a white skinned, girlish looking young chap, fresh from West Point. But young and green as he was the lieutenant was a gentleman and at heart as good a fellow as ever lived.

"The party was mounted on such nags as the quartermaster could purchase for them in a hurry, for though they were infantry the journey before them was too long to be undertaken afoot over the grassy prairie.

"Scarcely any of the men had ever before thrown leg over hog-skin, but the lieutenant knew something about riding. I believe he said he had been learned it where he learned sojering, and after a few days could sit his saddle and bear the fatigue as well as any old Texan.

"I'd been down to San Antonio about three weeks, and when the quartermaster employed me to pilot the sojers Strawberry had had the quiet range of the prairie all that time, and when we took the trail he was in prime order.

"The more I got acquainted with the lieutenant the better I liked him. But the fellows he had along with him were of no account and I knew if the Comanches or Kiowas should cross our trail they couldn't be depended on.

"We journeyed with the Brazos on our left and in a northwest direction till, after a week or so, we reached the head waters of the Leon river, and as we'd discovered no signs of Indians I was glad to think we'd have no occasion to try the spunk of our greenhorns in a fight.

"We had reached the foot of the Black Hills, where the country is badly cut up with deep barrancas, crossing each other in every direction, and having had a hard day's travel I proposed an early camp. While looking for a suitable spot I discovered fresh horse tracks and knew that a large party of Indians were in the vicinity. I informed the lieutenant of my discovery and advised him to secrete his men as soon as possible, for as yet I was convinced our approach had not been detected.

"But as soon as the men heard the word 'Indians' they set up such a hurrah that you'd 'a' thought them the bravest chaps in the world, and it was not long before I knew that the Indians had discovered us, for we could hear them calling to each other in the bottom of one of the deep gullies, and presently a score or two showed their heads above the edge of the bank, and letting fly a volley dodged down again.

"I was for getting out of the prairie as soon as possible and reaching a spot among the rocks at the commencement of the rising ground, where we could receive them at a better advantage, but the lieutenant was so greedy for a fight that he wouldn't listen to me a moment and gave orders for his men to dismount and form in regular line and await the attack.

"But scarcely had some of them obeyed the order than we heard a yell, and the next moment the prairie was covered with a host of mounted Kiowas that came pouring out of a barranca and charged

right down upon us. The sojers who had not obeyed the order, trusting more to their horses' heels than their rifles, put spurs to their broken down nags and attempted to escape. But they might as well have essayed to fly from the swift tornado as to get beyond the reach of those wild riders. A part of the whooping savages made a dash for the cowardly fools and soon had their scalps, while the rest ranging past us with a headlong gallop and lying over on the farther side of the fiery little mustangs, sent a volley into our ranks. And now, taking my advice, the lieutenant ordered his fellows to remount and in close order make an effort to gain the rocks. But two of the men were past mounting and we had to leave them.

"We had about a half a mile to go to get to the nearest rocks, but to do so we had to run the gauntlet of the Indians, who kept up a hot discharge which made desperate work in our little ranks. We spurred through the savages, who attempted to cut in ahead of us, and with our sabers and revolvers kept the track clear till we had reached the rocks.

"Having gained the spot, however, we found to our chagrin that our situation was but little improved, for the reckless and undisciplined men in their eagerness to escape had thrown away their muskets and were now with the exception of their sabers, entirely unarmed. But the lieutenant and myself, besides our revolvers, had each a heavy deer gun.

"In the meantime our packmules had fallen into the hands of the savages.

"I reckoned we were within 20 miles or so of the fort and proposed to the lieutenant that while he set his poor devils to work gathering up the loose rocks and making a barricade I would endeavor to dash through the Indians and after reaching the post return as rapidly as possible with a sufficient force to relieve him.

"As this seemed to be the only feasible plan the lieutenant approved of it, and waiting only for the cover of the approaching night I was prepared to make the desperate attempt. I tightened Strawberry's saddle girth and during the short twilight led him carefully under cover of the scattered rocks and mesquite bushes to smooth ground, and after I had turned the projecting point of high rocks mounted, and with an encouraging hint from my heel gave him the rein.

"But cautious as I had been the wily Indians had been watching all my motions, and scarcely had I emerged upon level ground than, filling the air with derisive yells, a score or two of the painted rascals, mounted on their fleetest mustangs gave chase.

"Yet I knew gallant little Strawberry could outrun any Indian nag I ever had a trial with, and without pushing him overboard I flew out over the prairie. The Indians on each side of me continued to rise apparently out of the earth.

"Scarcely had the brief twilight ended than the rounded disk of the full moon peered over the crest of the hills and streamed a flood of silver light over this wild scene.

"But presently I had other objects to contemplate, for in the light of the rising orb I could perceive that I was approaching one of those deep, almost bottomless barrancas, while the Indians yelling exultantly, gathered close upon me.

"I was fairly entrapped! Should



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I draw rein and turn upon my pursuers or sink my rowels into the flanks of my fearless little charger and seek death with him in the yawning chasm below? I had but a breath to decide, and as I would at least thus save my scalp from my hated pursuers I resolved to brave the latter and closed my eyes and clinched my teeth for the awful leap.

"Without averting an inch or showing the least fear the brave animal dashed on. I felt the yielding air rush with lightning speed past me, my breath was taken from me, and then quicker than the flight of thought, I felt his fore feet strike upon the solid earth, then an instant's struggle with his hind feet, as if the ground was crumbling beneath them, and then—heaven be praised—I saw that we were on the firm level ground of the prairie, with the frightful ravine between us and our baffled enemies.

"We were safe for not even the bravest of the Indians dared to make the desperate leap, and as the barranca doubtless extended for miles into the prairie further pursuit was out of the question.

"In less than two hours I reached Fort Belknap, and before the light of the next morning broke over the green expanse a party of troopers had followed me to the spot where I had left the brave young officer and the remnant of his men.

"But we had arrived too late. The spot was silent, and the ground so recently occupied by the Kiowas was vacant, while among stones of the demolished barricade were found only the scalps and mangled remains of my late companions.

"That little Strawberry," continued the guide as he threw aside his extinguished pipe and proceeded to move the animal to a fresh grazing spot, "is worth his weight in gold, and I reckon if any beast ever deserved kind treatment at his master's hands it's him."—New York Sun.

GOLD IN NEVADA.

In many places on the Pacific coast, says Dan De Quille, a great fuss is made about gold quartz that yields from \$5 to \$10 a ton. Here but little is thought of such prospects. In regard to some of the gold belts of Nevada, I find the following notices in the local papers for the last three days:

Three and a half tons of ore from the Palmico miner district, sent to Selby's smelting works, San Francisco, for reduction, paid \$512 a ton. The vein is from two to four feet wide.

A ledge just found, a mile and a half from Unionville, Humboldt county, assays from \$140 to \$1,800 a ton in gold. The vein is two feet wide.

In Lincoln county, Scott Allen accidentally found a vein of iron-stained quartz. He did not think much of his find, but an assay showed that the material contained over \$3,000 a ton in gold. This find was made in a country some distance south of where Captain Be Lamar is operating.

These paragraphs are in regard

to only a few districts or sections of the many gold belts. In the Kennedy district—first discovered in July, 1891—are the Cricket, Imperial and many other mines as rich as the ones mentioned above. Indeed, it is a region full of rich veins of gold bearing quartz, and finds are still being made every week. No place in Nevada is more worthy of the attention of the capitalist or prospector.

A railroad down through Nevada, one that would connect Salt Lake City with Los Angeles, would open many good gold camps. The whole route would be through a region full of mines of the precious metal. Down towards Death valley lies Montgomery district, a good gold camp, but one that is almost out of the world as regards transportation.

Also down near Death valley, Tule canon, some rich gold mines should be opened. On this canon rich dry diggings were discovered some fifteen years ago. In 1880 a few men were at work there. They had no machines and did not even winnow the dirt by tossing it up in the wind, Mexican fashion. They simply dug over the ground with picks, collecting such pieces of gold as they happened to see. In this way they made good wages in ground from two to four feet deep. Working in this rude way they found one nugget that weighed five pounds, and very many worth from \$5 to \$75. Pieces of gold worth 50 cents were about the smallest saved working in this way, "by eye." With water or even dry washing machines such ground should have paid immensely. As all the placers in the Great Basin are of local origin, Tule canon must cut one or more large and rich veins of gold bearing quartz. At present we hear but little about these diggings, though there is always more or less gold coming from them which is said to be ground out in astras by some of the ranchers living in the vicinity.

In the early days an impression prevailed among our miners and prospectors—mostly from California—that the gold veins on this side of the mountains would not prove permanent. They said it was only a surface production and would not hold out in depth. This soon became an established fact; therefore little attention was given to veins that were purely gold by those who went forth on prospecting raids. Now the truth is that our gold mines are the most permanent in the country. The first gold mines opened and worked were in Devil's Gate district, at Silver City. These have been worked right along unceasingly for over thirty years, and today are paying their owners as well as at first. Whatever paying gold mines have been found in Nevada they are still paying, as in the beginning, and this is more than can be said of many of the silver mines.

Died, at Pinos Altos, Sept. 8, 1894, Troilus Stephens, of the firm of Bell & Stephens, aged 58 years.

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